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WENDELL PHILLIPS.

A SERMON DELIVERED SUNDAY, FEB. 24, 1884, AT THE FIFTEENTH STREET PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C., BY REV. FRANK J. GRIMKE.

2 SAM'L., 3:38.

"And the King said unto his servants, Know ye not that there is a prince, and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

Of the history of these words you are all aware. They were uttered, you will remember, by King David in reference to Abner, who came to an untimely death by the hand of Joab. It is not of Abner, however, that we are to speak this morning, interesting as it might be to spend a half hour in recalling his illustrious career and the salient points of his character, but of one who was far greater, and in whose history we are far more interested. I need not say I refer to Mr. Wendell Phillips, who departed this life on the morning of the 2d of this month. His sudden and unexpected demise was a great shock. For though he was confined to his house for a week or more very little was known as to the serious nature of his illness, so that when the sad tidings came flashing over the wires that he was no more, it was like the sudden and unexpected coming of a great catastrophe. But now that we have had time to recover from the shock, and to collect our thoughts, a sense of the greatness of our loss begins to steal over us. On every side, from press and pulpit, from rich and poor, high and low, educated and uneducated, from all sections of our common country, North and South, East and West, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the lakes to the Gulf, and from beyond the seas—come warm and tender words of love and gratitude, of respect and admiration.

Somehow a feeling comes over us that a something has gone out from us which leaves us the poorer; a beauty, a strength of character, a sublime hopefulness which never despaired, a purpose which never faltered, a courage which was never daunted, a love for truth and justice for God and humanity, before which all tyranny and oppression, injustice and wrong, cowed and skulked away. The falling out of such a man is not, however, an accident—the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. After all the loss is only apparent. We shall shall see the beauty of that manly face and form no more. We shall listen no more to the clarion notes of that marvelous voice. Nor yet shall we ever again see the indignant flash or the ineffable tenderness of those wonderful eyes. But we have that which is of more value than all these. We have his example, his grand life, the noble record which he has left behind, his words and deeds, the grand elements of character, which entwined with his princely soul. And we have, too, that public sentiment which he helped to mould; that moral atmosphere in which we live and move and have our being, which he did so much to purify and ennoble. These subtle, mysterious, invisible forces are still with us and they bear upon them the impress of his great soul. He is gone, it is true; but he has gone in the language of George Eliot, only to

"Join the choir invisible
Of the immortal ones, who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
Of miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their wild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues."

Let us not, therefore, as we stand over his new made grave this morning, with all the memories of the past crowding upon us, look sad and heavy at heart. Let not the tear drops start. Let us rather rejoice; let us rather lift up our hearts in thanksgiving to God for the gift of such a noble life. No, no, our mission here this morning is not one of sadness; it is not to bewail our loss; it is not to speak of the dead, but of the living; not of that which lies buried over there in yon cemetery, but of that which still lives—which is still a power in Boston and New York, in Philadelphia and Chicago, in Washington and San Francisco, in London and Paris, in all the continents,—the man, who for forty years has been the foremost champion of liberty the world over, the friend of the down-trodden and the oppressed everywhere. Death has no power over such a man. It may shatter the physical frame in which he dwells, but it cannot touch the man. It cannot affect the record which he has left, the life which he has lived, the deeds which he has wrought. They remain. And so we are here not to think of him as dead, but as living; not as gone, but as still present. God grant that that majestic presence, that mighty intellect, that great heart, that entire self-forgetfulness, that sublime consecration to the right may never fade from our vision. Who was this man? Whence came he? What has he done? What are the great elements of his character?

With the facts of his history you are already familiar.

He was born in Boston November 29, 1811, just 10 months and 23 days after the birth of his illustrious friend and co-laborer, Charles Sumner. Mr. Garrison was then only a little over seven years of age. Mr. Whittier only a little over three. So that all four of these great leaders in the anti-slavery movement came into the world very near the same time, and in the same grand old commonwealth of Massachusetts. Mr. Phillips, like Mr. Sumner, came from one of the old aristocratic families of the State. His father was the first mayor of Boston, and among his ancestors I find one John Phillips, possessing a great fortune and taking a very active interest in the cause of education, endowing a professorship at Dartmouth, contributing to Princeton college, giving to Phillips Academy at Andover $31,000, besides founding and endowing Phillips Academy at Exeter with $134,000.

Of the childhood of Mr. Phillips very little has been preserved to us, except that even then he showed a genius for oratory. One of the pleasantest little glimpses into that period of his life may be found in a brief article published in the Boston *Transcript* of February 5, by Mr. Thomas Appleton. "I remember" he says, "how we used to play together long ago, and the recollection is very pleasant indeed. He was a fine, manly little fellow, and I was proud of him as a playmate then. Wendell Phillips, J. Lothrop Motley, and I used to play together in the garret of the Motley House. And I remember that their favorite pastime used to be to strut about in any fantastic costumes they could find in the corners of the old attic, and shout scraps of poetry and dialogues at each other. It was a fine sight to see them, for both were noble looking little fellows, you know, and even then Wendell's voice was a very pleasant one to listen to, and his gestures were as graceful as could be."

This was when he was between eight and nine years old. In due time he entered the famous Latin school in Boston, and then Harvard College, from which he graduated in 1831, at the age of twenty. He then entered the Law school, where he remained for two years, and in the following year, 1834, was admitted to the Suffolk Bar. What were his plans of life at this time, his hopes and aspirations, we are not informed. But the eyes of all were upon him; his rare gifts, his commanding talents, his wonderful oratorical accomplishments made him a marked man, and gave promise of a brilliant future. How absolutely veiled, however, was the exact nature of that future! Prior to the brutal outrage that that was perpetrated upon Mr. Garrison in the streets of Boston, not even Mr. Phillips himself, could have foreseen that his was to be the foremost voice that was to be raised in behalf of the slave. But it was even so. God had ordained it, and in due time the baptism of fire from on high came upon him and the voice of God was heard in his soul, "Go tell Pharoah to let my people go."

At this time the whole country was in a state of intense political and moral excitement. The red glare on the rim of the horizon, the gathering darkness, the lowering elements, all portended the coming storm. In 1832 South Carolina had nullified the act of the general government and declared its intention to resist with force of arms any encroachment upon its rights. In 1821 Benjamin Lundy began the publication of the "Genius of Universal Emancipation," at Mount Pleasant, Ohio, afterwards transferred to Jonesboro, Tenn., and finally to Baltimore, in 1824, having as its object the gradual emancipation of the slave. In 1829 he was joined by Mr. Garrison, who, abandoning the idea of gradual emancipation, announced in its first issue the doctrine which afterwards became the rallying cry of the abolition movement—immediate, unconditional emancipation.

Shortly after this followed his arraignment of the owners of the ship "Francis," for carrying a cargo of slaves from Baltimore to Louisiana, in which he denounced the act as "domestic piracy," and declared his intention "to cover with thick infamy" all who were implicated in it, which resulted in his arrest and imprisonment; the effect of which was to bring the subject of slavery still more promptly before the country. On the 1st of January, 1831, appeared the first number of the *Liberator* with these memorable words, "I am in earnest. I will not equivocate. I will not excuse. I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard."

Then followed, the next year, 1832, the organization of the New England—afterwards, the Massachusetts Anti-slavery society; then the organization of the great American Anti-slavery society, of Philadelphia; then the visit of Geo. Thompson, with its wonderful effects; then the dragging of Garrison through the streets of Boston by the "broadcloth mob;" then the murder of Lovejoy at Alton; then the great meeting in Faneuil Hall and the infamous speech of the attorney-general of the State, and then, that marvelous voice, now silent in death. Thus, in the prime of young manhood, with the voice of God ringing in his soul, with the chains of the slave clanking in his ear, and the bloody and murderous hand of mob violence about the neck of free speech and the liberty of the press—he came forth, and laid himself with all that he had upon the altar of liberty and his country.

Sublime spectacle! there he stands! young and beautiful, with the blood of the Puritans flowing in his veins,—with the pride of a citizen of the grand old commonwealth of Massachusetts swelling in his breast; in that hall which had so often resounded with the notes of freedom, behind which lay all the glorious memories and traditions of the Revolution, and upon whose walls hung the portraits of Hancock and Adams, of Otis and Quincy. About him a large, well-dressed, intelligent audience, the representatives of wealth and culture and position, but in league with despotism and tyranny! See the blood rushing to his face,—the indignant flash of those eyes, and hear that voice tremulous with emotion and swelling until it fills every corner and crevice of that vast audience room, as he thunders forth those awful words of withering rebuke and denunciation:—

"Sir, when I heard the gentleman lay down principles which placed the murderers of Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock, with Quincy and Adams, I thought those pictured lips (pointing to the portraits on the wall) would have broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American—the slanderer of the dead. The gentleman said that he should sink into insignificance if he dared to gainsay the principles of those resolutions. Sir, for the sentiments he has uttered, on soil consecrated by the prayers of the Puritans and the blood of patriots the earth should have yawned and swallowed him up."

Such were the circumstances under which this greatest of American orators, this fiercest champion of liberty, this friend of the down-trodden and the oppressed everywhere, came to the front. His grand words went out into all the earth, sending a thrill of joy through the ranks of freedom everywhere. For, as Lowell has expressed it—

"When a deed is done for freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic circling on from east to west."

From that moment he became as a city set upon a hill which could not be hid, a power that was felt throughout the length and breadth of the country. He now gave himself entirely to the great work of freeing the slave. It was his thought by day and his meditation by night. He was instant in season and out of season; he allowed no opportunity to pass; he spared neither time nor labor. So completely did he enter into the condition of those for whom he was laboring that he was in bonds as those that were bound. Every stroke that fell upon their backs fell upon his; every agony that wrung their hearts, he felt; and into his ears entered every sigh and groan that came up from every lowly slave cabin of the South. The more he thought of the matter, the greater the crime grew; the deeper became his convictions, the more intense his feelings, until he seemed almost beside himself, in a kind of frenzy. Never was a soul more sublimely wrought upon, more intensely in earnest, more absolutely eaten up with zeal. He meant death to the slave power. Like the elder Cato, "Delenda est Carthago," was ever upon his lips, and he never slumbered nor slept until he saw her proud temples laid low and the smoke of her desolation rising to heaven. "Into the jaws of death, into the gates of hell, with cannon to right of him and cannon to left of him, vollying and thundering," he moved on. Like some John the Baptist, crying out of the wilderness, or some Isaiah or Jeremiah, full of dreadful forebodings, he went from place to place holding up the infamous atrocities of the slave system and pouring out the vials of his mighty wrath upon all of its sympathizers. The North, cringing and cowardly, to borrow a phrase from Parker, "he cauterized with actual lightning;" the church, cold, and half apologetic, he lashed with all the fury of his incensed righteousness; the constitution, with its lying declarations, he denounced as "the sum of villanies, a league with death and a covenant with hell." Men called him fanatic, infidel, traitor, but he cared not. "They call me infidel and traitor," he said, "and so I am, to a State that sells its citizens on the auction block, and drives them with the lash to unrequited toil. I am traitor to a church that defends this infamous system from the Bible." His opposition, you will perceive, was not to Christianity, nor yet to the Bible, but to an apostate and recreant church, which attempted to throw the weight of its great influence against liberty and on the side of oppression. During all of that fierce and terrible conflict, that mighty flood of denunciation and rebuke that kept continually flowing from his eloquent lips, never was he animated for a moment by a spirit of bitterness or maliciousness. "Men blame us," he says, in his great speech on Public Opinion, "for the bitterness of our language and the personality of our attacks. It results from our position. The great mass of the people can never be made to stay and argue a long question. They must be made to feel it through the hides of their idols. When you have launched your spear into the rhinoceros hide of a Webster or a Benton, every Whig and Democrat feels it. It is on this principle that every reform must take for its text the mistakes of great men. God gives us great scoundrels for texts to anti-slavery sermons. See to it when nasure has provided you a monster like Webster that you exhibit him—himself a whole menagerie—throughout the whole country." Terrible as were his denunciations, merciless as were his attacks, yet he was at heart as tender as a woman, and as gentle as a child. To quote the language of another, "No man possessed a kindlier nature. Of those who were his bitterest enemies, he had no unkind word to utter in private, no manifestation of unkindly feeling, but he knew how to wield the lash, and understood its effectiveness in bringing laggards and cowards to stand to their posts, or march to the music. If men shrank from the scorn of the tyrant, he knew how to make them dread a keener scorn, a sharper sting from freedom's lash, and he applied it as a stern father to an erring child. If there was a defect in his character in this respect, it was on the other side. He was so tender in his nature, that he could not resist the wail of distress or the cry for help, let it come from however unworthy an ob-

Continued on fourth page.

MEMORY'S PEARLS.

Down deep in the ocean of time
Lie many of memory's pearls;
And when held to our view they outshine
Those owned by the lords and earls.

A glance at their beauty and grace,
When we are most weary and sad,
Will oft lend a charm to life's race,
And keep the heart cheerful and glad.

It may be the days of our childhood
Have furnished the pearls we love best—
Hours that we spent in the wildwood,
The days that were happy and blest.

It may be a friend of our youth
Was a pearl we thought of great price,
Adorned with the beauty of truth,
In whom we found much good advice.

It may be the father, the mother,
That was ever a pearl most rare;
It may be a sister or brother
Who helped us life's burden to bear.

Then weave me a beautiful chain
Of the pearls most precious to all,
And close round my heart be it lain
Till the angel of Death shall call.

Peculiar Words.

There are a number of words in the English language each of which contains all of the five regular vowels, but it would puzzle almost any one to think of more than one or two at short notice. The following may be given as examples: Education, reputation, regulation, emulation, perturbation, mensuration repudiation. Besides these there are several words, each containing all the vowels including the "y." Of course we may mention revolutionary, elocutionary, and unquestionably. The word invisibility may be noted as a peculiar word, for it contains the letter "i" five times. Mississippi and Tennessee are each spelled with only four different letters of the alphabet, although one contains eleven letters and the other nine. Schnapps a word of one syllable and eight letters containing but one vowel. There are no words in the English language of more than eight syllables, and of those containing that number may be mentioned incomprehensibility

—The day of lawlessness is over in Deadwood, and the streets are as safe at any hour of the day or night as those of New York. It has school-houses, two churches, two daily papers and five weeklies, well-organized fire and police departments, and efficient county and United States courts.

Civility is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality excites as quick a prejudice against him. It is a real ornament, the most beautiful dress that a man or woman can wear, and worth more as a means of winning favor than all of the jewels ever worn.

Sunshine is God's legitimate agent to give life and light. It enters into everything which is for the comfort or well-being of mankind; without it we would eke out a short, intolerable existence. As in the material world, so in the inner life. A man without sunshine in his nature is like a plant growing in the dark; it is weak, it is sickly, its very vitality is poisonous

Man is higher than his dwelling-place he looks up and folds the wings of his soul, and when the 60 minutes we call 60 years have passed, he takes flight, kindling as he rises, and the ashes of his feathers fall back to the earth, and the unveiled soul, freed from its covering of clay, and pure as a note of music, ascends on high.

The house in which John Knox, the Scotch Reformer, lived and died is yet standing in that part of Edinburgh known as the old town. Extending over the entire front is this inscription in large Roman letters: "Lufe God abufe all and yi nychtbour as yi self."

Socrates was pronounced by the oracle of Delphos to be the wisest man of Greece, which he would turn from himself ironically, saying, there could be nothing in him to verify the oracle, except this, that he was not wise, and knew it; and others were not wise, and knew it not.—[Lord Bacon.

It is a peculiar fact, which we should not lose sight of, that the most useful animals eat only vegetable food. The powerful elephant and patient camel, the horse, the ox, the donkey, the reindeer, all obtain their muscular power from nature's simplest production—the vegetable kingdom.

Parted Lovers.

They were very fond of each other, and had been engaged; but they quarreled, and were too proud to make it up.

He called a few days ago at her father's house to see the old gentleman, on business, of course. She was at the door.

Said he: "Ah, Miss Blank, I believe; is your father in?"

"No, sir," she replied; "pa is out at present. Did you wish to see him personally?"

"Yes," was the bluff response, feeling that she was yielding, "on very particular personal business," and he turned proudly to go away.

"I beg your pardon," she called after him, as he struck the lower step, "but who shall I say called?"

He never smiled again.

The following is a touching Arkansas obituary verse: "Grim Death has taken darling little Jerry, only son of Joseph and Sirena Howells; 7 days he wrastled with the dysentery, and then he perished in his little bowels."

By the use of a mixture of carbonate and sulphate of soda, Dr. Calantariento, of Scarborough, England, has been able to make a skating surface, which costs far less than the ordinary artificial ice floors, and can be readily repaired. When it is once laid it will remain serviceable for years.

—A young man in St. John, N. B., who was bound over to keep the peace toward a personal enemy, got his two sureties to give the latter a tremendous thrashing and enjoyed it immensely.

CURE FOR SLEEPLESSNESS.—Wet half a towel, apply it to the back of the neck, pressing it upward toward the base of the brain, and fasten the dry half of the towel over so as to prevent the too rapid exhalation. The effect is prompt and charming, cooling the brain and inducing calmer, sweeter sleep than any narcotic. Warm water may be used, though most persons will prefer it cold. To those suffering from over excitement of the brain, whether the result of brainwork or pressing anxiety, this simple remedy is an especial boon.

"Don't waste your time clipping at the branches," said a woodman to his son, "but lay your ax at the root of the tree." And the young man went out and laid his ax at the the foot of the tree like a good and dutiful boy, and then went fishing. Truly, there is nothing so beautiful as filial obedience.

The sting of the bee is said to be a hollow tube. The male bee is inoffensive, not being provided with this weapon or pointed tube; therefore when one of these insects alights upon a bare footed boy the soliloquy of Hamlet immediately forces itself upon that boy's mind as he anxiously awaits the results. "Tube bee or not tube bee? That's the question."

THE FIRST POUND OF COFFEE—The first pound of coffee ever raised in the United States has been grown by a Florida woman. She obtained the plants from the Agricultural Department at Washington. It has now been demonstrated that both tea and coffee can be produced in Uncle Sam's dominions. People of a practical turn may, however, be disposed to inquire the cost before rushing headlong into the cultivation of these mild stimulants.

"I deal," remarks the merchant; "I cut," adds the carpenter; "I turnip spades," says the gardener; "I pass," observes the railroad superintendent; "I lead hearts," adds the beau; "I follow suit," chirps the tailor with his little bill; "I trumpet," chimes the cornet player; "You cur," shouts the butcher, as the dog ran off with a two pound steak. Thus many classes seem to be made a game of

The preaching that draws more attention to itself than to the truth is always bad. The pernicious sensationalism is that which makes a congregation think more of the speaker's peculiarities of style and eccentricities of manner than of the religion he sets forth. When a congregation praise the preacher more than they praise God, they have been poisoned instead of fed on the Bread of Life.

—"The Kiss In the Dark" was played as a farce by amateurs in Mount Sterling, Ky., up to the point where the young man kisses the pretty girl. There it was turned into a tragedy. The girl's real lover, jealous of her stage lover, and discerning that the kissing was genuine and much relished, shot the offender on the spot. The wound was trifling, but it brought the performance to a close.

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OUR DUTY.

Now that presidential booms are being heard throughout the land, in advocacy of certain public men whose record comports with the views of the various political elements sounding the various booms, it is quite time that the colored people should in their way set about booming the candidate of their choice. By careful observation it will be seen that the favorites in the presidential race are urged and supported upon certain well-defined grounds. Some are urged by reason of the views entertained and the position taken on the subject of civil service reform; some are supported because of the position taken on the subject of the tariff; some are endorsed on account of the positive position assumed on the financial question, while others are chosen because they combine all the essential elements touching a proper conception of the political and material interests of the country, in a consistent record. The reformation of the civil service may be a subject to be seriously entertained and discussed by certain classes of politicians, who, like Carl Schurz and Geo. William Curtis, have nothing to do but to invent schemes to embarrass and perplex political parties and to gain for themselves prominence as great reformers.

The subject of the tariff,—one which concerns the manufacturing and business interests of the country and which only indirectly affects the colored people as a part of the American body-politic,—is one which will be the cause of much contention among the whites comprising the bulk of the two great political parties. The financial question,—one which involves the disposition of the National debt, the regulation of the National banks, the establishment of a permanent monetary standard and the maintenance of the public credit,—is one which may concern bankers, merchants, and capitalists whose best interests can be subserved by the various financial policies sought after.

These considerations will undoubtedly enter prominently into the estimates of candidates for the presidency, and they will be the leading issues in the campaign in so far as the whites are concerned. But the question which lies nearest the colored man, and which should elicit his deepest interest and call forth his diplomacy and ingenuity of intellect, is as to the best and surest means of securing his life from violence, his political rights from interference, and how he can make practical those constitutional and statutory provisions which declared him a co-equal in the body-politic.

Past administrations have confessed their inability to enforce the laws which have declared our rights. The oath of office, together with the authority and legal sanctions which have supported it, have not been of sufficient binding force to induce executives to see that our rights are protected. Riot and red-handed murder have been permitted by those in authority, whose hands have been palsied by the vicious influences of a sickly public sentiment and we are left almost without friends and without hope.

Now it is the duty of colored men, who can wield any influence in a political way, to do their utmost to secure a man for the Presidency who will assume and exercise all the power which that position extends, who will comply strictly with his oath of office, and guard the rights of citizens, whether white or black, with that firmness which will discourage any attempts to over-ride constituted authority or Constitutional and Statutory law. We want a man of Jacksonian stripe, particularly in so far as it relates to firmness of character and determination to administer justice according to law. Besides this, we see a movement obtaining at the North to curtail the representation in convention of the Republicans at the South. This looks like an attempt to take from the colored people the only vestige left them of political expression. Let the colored people at the South remember this. Let them unite their forces in order to secure a man who will at least accord to them the right of expressing their preferences as to what sort of man the party, so far as it relates to them, desires. The selection of the wrong man at Chicago will lessen the power of the Southern Republicans. Let them adopt a policy which will secure a man who will not only permit the South to be fairly represented in conventions, but who will also institute a policy which will guarantee to every citizen the right to vote, and to have that vote counted. To do this the colored people must combine and agree on a wise policy and stand upon it for principle's sake, and even though we are defeated, we will have the gratification of the assertion of our manhood and of our devotion to the principle.

John S. Wise has gone on the record as denying the published version of his testimony about "the Kitchen business." We are glad of it, because it shows that he is not quite as bad as we had imagined. He says that he could not invite colored members to his house in Richmod and maintain any social standing, which is gospel truth; but the times require a man, who can be independent of and defy society—a man of the Wendell Phillips order. No man can better afford to do this than John S. Wise. Let him act out his convictions, and not plead the baby act by turning the responsibility on society. Of course, he would be tabooed, perhaps mobbed, but such a man must need come forth, a man with a social status, with wealth, with culture and all that, and lead in the moral as well as the political revolution needed in the South, before Virginia will be as safe as New York or South Carolina as law-abiding as Massachusetts. Mr. Wise has a splendid opportunity. Will he improve it?

Home training, the best educational advantages, constant parental oversight will not always prevent "the Negro boy of to-day" from wandering astray or from committing crimes the most revolting. No colored boy in the land had better opportunities than Frank Langston, yet to-day he has wrung his mother's heart with sorrow, and bowed his father's head with grief.

The decision of the Ku Klux cases affirming the power of the general Government to enact laws punishing interference in elections is based on that liberal construction of the Constition, which should have been given in the civil rights cases. As there should be no grieving over spilt milk, we welcome the present decision and call upon the Attorney-general to see that the Danville and Copiah murderers are vigorously prosecuted.

That a colored reporter of the Philadelphia *Times* should be boycotted because of his color, is worth simply a passing notice. Ten years past the idea of a colored reporter in Philadelphia would have been fancy, pure and simple: ten years hence objection to one because of color will be regarded on par with objecting to the right of one to breathe because of color. We yet expect to see even the *Star* of this city *employ* colored reporters.

There are hundreds, yes thousands, who are pondering the same questions that have been on Mr. Hayson's mind. Happily some definite steps looking to the proper solution of this matter have been taken, and the Pittsburg conference is the first outcome. Let us await with patience its deliberations and conclusions, and meanwhile take heart that the Supreme Court has set itself aright, at least one one question.

Mr. and Mrs. Langston have, we know, the sympathy of the entire community.

The West Indian Abroad, which aims at a better understanding and commercial relations between the colored people of the United States and the West Indies, is a large seven column paper, edited by J. A. H. Johns and Rev. W. B. Derrick, and published by George Parker, jr. We welcome *The West Indian* and bid it God speed on its mission.

We surrender much space to the sermom of Rev. Grimke on Wendell Phillips, and are obliged to defer the consideration of much valuable matter.

The Wilmington, (N. C.) *Post* and The American *Sentry*, (New York City) are among our welcome exchanges.

AN OPEN LETTER.

J. W. CROMWELL, Esq.,

OF THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

Allow me to trouble you by asking a few important and timely questions as they appear to me, and which, too, having been preying upon my mind for some months past:

1st. Why is it that our leading colored men of this country, after seeing and hearing of so many outrages in the South among our people; their homes almost pillaged; fathers, sons, husbands shot down like the fowls of the air, and mothers, wives and sisters threatened death if they raise their voices against the atrocity committed, for the reasons that their fathers, sons and husbands exercised their God given rights as American citizens, are inactive?

2d. How long must this state of affairs exist before the leaders of our race shall come together and decide what steps must be taken for these defenseless people of the South?

3d. Do the leaders depend upon the rebel State governments to protect those defenseless people, or is it because the leaders lack that manhood and courage to appeal to the general government for such legislation that may not only warrant but secure for them safety at home and protection in the performance of their many duties as Americans?

4th. Is it because the leaders of our race fail to see enough innocent blood spilt in the South by the hands of our enemy? Is the Executive powerless to act in their behalf? The time will come, the time must come that the American people, if a concert of action is had by those referred to, and such a complaint is lodged from proper heads and to the proper legislative bodies, that the American people will demand their respective Representatives in Congress for such enactments that will command and demand of those blood thirsty rebels that we, as Americans, have rights which they must and shall respect. I now appeal to you as THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE, and as one of our bright lights, though young in the cause, battling for human rights. I now appeal in the interest not of the Northern blacks nor Eastern and Western, but in the interest of the defenseless Southern Negro of which you and I form a component part.

Very truly yours,

A. HAYSON.

March 4, 1884.

Wendell Phillips' Memorial Exercises at Howard University.

Services in memory of the late Wendell Phillips were held in the University Chapel, by the Alpha Phi society, on the evening of February 29, at 8.30 p. m. The meeting was called to order by the acting president, W. R. A. Palmer. Prayer was offered by Rev. S. R. Lamkins. The Glee club, composed of the musical talent among the young men of Howard University, rendered a song: after which, the president delivered his address.

Mr. Palmer's speech was in itself a most fitting one, and the ease and grace of his delivery added much to its effectiveness. In touching terms he alluded to the sacrifice Phillips made for the sake of the cause to which he gave himself; and in glowing language he rehearsed the mighty work wrought by this mighty man, "more bent to raise the wretched than to rise."

Resolutions of a suitable character were read by Mr. S. D. Fowler. The president then introduced the orator of the evening, Mr. Kelly Miller.

Mr. Miller's deservedly high reputation as a thinker and a speaker warranted his audience in expecting much of him, nor were these expectations disappointed. His beautiful exordium on liberty at once captivated his hearers and won for him the closest attention. He graphically described the circumstances attending Phillips' entrance upon his public career; and showed the grandeur of a character which turned from all allurements to the help of a despised people, which chose "because right is right, to follow right." In burning language he exposed the inconsistency of the church which countenanced the sale of brother by brother, of the government which offered one man protection and refused another, of those who fought bravely for their own independence and enslaved others. The speaker grew eloquent as he depicted the labors of Mr. Phillips in the anti-slavery struggle, the magnitude of the gifts he brought to his work, the greatness of soul he manifested in his devotion thereto. Universal applause followed the conclusion of the oration.

A quartette of the Glee club members sang a piece entitled "Galilee," which by beauty and a sweetness of expression charmed the whole assemblage. This club was organized not long since; and from what it is and seems likely to be, it promises to contribute much to the enjoyment of those who visit Howard, and acquire considerable popularity.

The appointed exercises of the evening being over, the privilege of speaking was accorded anyone who chose to accept. Mr. E. P. Corbet followed in a carefully prepared paper, which was listened to with attention. Mr. W. V. L. Tunnell then spoke in his characteristic, vigorous style. Messrs. Fowler and Lawson made speeches which reflected credit upon themselves and upon the institution. Others were ready to lay their tribute of praise upon the grave of the dead hero; but the hour for adjournment had arrived.

After a chorus from the club, Rev. Mr. Moore of the Lincoln Memorial church dismissed the audience.

Many favorable comments have been passed upon the exercises, and the students of Howard University, particularly the members of the Alpha Phi society, have reason to feel proud of the success of the occasion.

J. J. TURPIN.

March 3, 1884.

Annapolis Announcements.

On Wednesday February 27, Mr. S. B Holmes by request of many friends repeated the concert and exhibition at Asbury M. E. church to a well filled house. It far excelled anything of the kind given here for years. The music was rendered by Prof. Parker which was charming. The singing gave great satisfaction. Mrs. Holmes is deserving of great credit in her management of the concert.

Rev. C. C. Cargill of Howard University, was on a visit to our ancient city, from Thursday to Monday, and preached at Mount Moriah A. M. E. church at 11 a. m. Subject, The Christian Race, text 1st Corinthians, 9 c. 24 v.

Judging from the sermon of our young divine, he has made great proficiency in the ministry. At the Sabbath school in the afternoon he gave an interesting lecture to the school which was much appreciated. At 7.30, the pastor, Rev. J. M. Cargill, preached from Genesis 17 c., part of 15 and 16 vs., to the United Sons of Morning Lodge No. 1,118, G. U. O. O. F. The house was crowded. The sermon was delivered with great enect and eloquence. The collection during the day was $45.

At Asbury M. E., Rev. J. Robenson, at 7.30 p. m., Rev. Louis E. S. Nash.

St. Philips P. E. 8 p. m., R. R. Magruder.

The financiers of Mt. Moriah A. M. E. church, by request will repeat the Washington Entertainment given on Feb. 22 ultimo, on March 10th, when a good time is expected.

Mrs. Harriet Culley drew a handsome prize, a set of dishes—144 pieces—at the close of St. Philips' fair. G.

A Correction.

MR. EDITOR:—Will you do me the kindness to state in your issue of *this* week, that my name was published among the singers for the concert last Monday night at the Congregational church without my knowledge or consent? Had it been possible I would have willingly added my little talent in aid of that earnest band of Christian workers, but I am sorry my name should hvae been used unless I had promised to sing. Do me this favor, and oblige yours, AMELIA L. TILGHMAN.

CROWDED OUT.—Account of the party at Mr. Archie Lewis'. on the 29th ultimo. Le Duke, Argus and our Portsmouth letter.

THE APOSTATE'S CONFESSION.—I believe in a chaotic nebula self-existent-evolver of heaven and earth from protoplasm, and in differentiation of the original homogeneous mass; its first begotten product which was self-formed into land and water, self-organized into plants and animals, reproduced in like species, and ultimately refined, rationalized and peffected in man; he descended from the monkey, ascended to the philosopher, and sitteth down in the rites and customs of civilization under the laws of developing sociology; from thence he shall come again by the disintegration of the heterogenized cosmos back into the original homogeneousness of chaos. I believe in the wholly impersonal unknownable and self-propelling absolute; the cohesive segregation of protoplastic elements; the molecular crystalization of primordial nuclei; the differentiation of facts; the dispersion of saints; the survival of the fittest; the persistence of force; the law of retrogression, and life and death eternal.

COPYING INK.—With any ink usually employed in writing, reduced from ten volumes to six, and to which four volumes of glycerine have afterward been added, Professor Attfield has been able to obtain transcripts of manuscripts in an ordinary thin paper copying-book without the use of a press. When a sheet of paper is written over with this ink, it is placed under one of the sheets of the book, and then a piece of blotting paper laid over; the thin paper takes up, when pressed in the common way, any excess of ink which may come through.

A stiff whisk broom is better to remove the dirt from a horse's legs than a curry-comb. Many horses with thin skin are exceedingly nervous and restive in the hands of a careless groom, and this nervousness often degenerates into vicionsness.

How to Interest Young Men in the Study of the Bible.

It is a deplorable fact that the study of God's words is too little thought of and too much neglected by our young men of the churches and Young Men's Christian Associations. This is not only so in a general sense, but in a particular sense, as applied to the young men who are taking an active part in Christian work. How to answer the question contained in the title of this paper, has occupied older and more experienced heads than mine for these many years, and many books, pamphlets and articles in religious newspapers, have been published on the subject, and many suggestions and plans have been given, as means of prompting to and interesting in the study of the Bible these who are so neglectful of it.

As a first great essential in interesting others, I would say be interested yourself; for it will be impossible to interest others in that for which you show no interest. We cannot expect to make attractive to others that which we show by our life has no attraction for us.

We should show by our life and conversation that our interest in God's word is not merely for a show of knowledge, but that our whole dependence as a Christian is upon it.

Let our interest be so manifestly deep and earnest, our dependence upon it so complete, our joy in its study so full, that those in whom we are endeavoring to awaken an interest, may see that a knowledge of the Bible such as you have is something to be desired and worth having.

In public talks and private conversation be earnest and enthusiastic in presenting the claims of the Word upon us in our use of, and duty toward it, and the necessity of a better knowledge of its contents.

Impress upon others the fact that the whole Bible is the word of God; that it is God speaking to us by the Holy Ghost, and that Christ is in it all, both Old and New Testament. Another effective means of getting a certain class of young men interested: If he is a mechanic, select from your Bible the names of the mechanics, together with where they may be found, write them on a slip of paper, and hand it to the young man, at the same time telling him that you thought he might be interested in knowing who were the first men in his line of work, and the kind of men they were. Do so with other trades and professions, and you will see the results for good; for instance, if the young man is a carpenter or mason, in your passages be sure to have those engaged in the building of Solomon's temple. You may be sure that the young man will not stop at merely reading the names of the workmen, but he will go right on till he finds out all that he can about the temple itself.

If the young man is a student in school or college, he can be interested in the poetry, history, geography, languages of the Bible, and the manners and customs of its people; and a good many who are not students will be interested in the same things; show that Christ is in all these things; that all scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.

I would show that a knowledge of the teachings of the Bible is necessary,—

1. As said before, because it is God's word.

2. That all the direct, positive knowledge we have of a personal God is found in the Bible. That *all* we know surely concerning the formation of this world and the authorship of our existence is found in the Bible. All that science (as interpreted by men) has given us is mere conjecture founded on theory.

3. That all law, moral or civil, is predicated on that found in the Bible, as delivered to Moses by Jehovah.

4. That only in the Bible is it made known that man is lost in sin.

5. That the good news of a free salvation from the penalty of sin through a crucified Saviour, who is none other than the Son of God, is only found in this same book which we call the Bible.

Show that if we expect to reap the benefits of a Christian life, that life must conform to that of Christ. The mind that was in him must be in us. We must be obedient to him; in fact his will must be our will. We cannot have the mind of another without knowing that mind; we cannot submit our will to a superior without knowing his will. We cannot be obedient without knowing the command or request.

And as the Bible is the revealed will of God, revealing his wishes concerning our conduct and life, and showing forth his relations to us, and ours to him, a knowledge of this Bible becomes an imperative necessity. Another method is to cite the young man to what eminent men of the world have said about the Bible, including the acknowledgments of infidels and skeptics. Another method is to carry about with you small slips of paper, having on them a reference to some passage of scripture about which there is some peculiarity, as, for instance, John iv. 28-29, and hand it to some one whom you are endeavoring to interest in Bible study, and request him to read it, and see if he can tell you anything about the conduct of the woman, mentioning at the same time, that it may help him to answer if he read the whole narrative from the first verse to the 30th. Endeavor to awaken their curiosity and ambition. Another method is to show the stress that Christ laid upon the word, and the part it takes in our salvation, aside from its containing the plan of salvation; show its necessity as food for the soul, and as the maintenance of the spiritual life. But I would not overlook one of the most effectual of all means, and that is the Bible-class or special meeting for Bible study. The very fact of a company of young men being together for one purpose, is in itself an inspiration.

The success of a Bible-class depends in a great measure upon the leader or conductor; his place should be a permanent one. He should be a thorough Bible student, deeply spiritual, fully consecrated to his work, and fully awake to the needs of the young men whom he is called to teach; he should be sympathetic, patient, and not easily discouraged. The class should be a conversational one, and free from formality as possible. Every member of the class should have some part in it, for there will always be found some who are good listeners, but will never speak, even to ask a question. In order that each one have a part, the lesson should be known two weeks in advance, and some portion of it assigned to each one, if it is nothing more than one verse. A very good plan is that followed by the Harrisburg, Pa., Young Men's Christian Association. An outline plan of the lessons for three months in advance is prepared by the leader and class, and each member of the class is given a copy; the copies were made by the papyrograph or hektograph process. The sessions of the class should always be opened with prayer. They should also begin and close promptly. As to the plan of study, I will offer no suggestions, only this: that if it is a class just commencing, I would take up the Bible first; that is, what does the word signify? how many books has it their order of arrangement, date, author, etc. Then our use of and duty toward it. Every Bible-class ought to have a reference library of books pertaining to its needs as a Bible-class.—A. M. WILSON in *The Watchman.*

A Drummer's Brilliant Idea.

Some people seem born with a faculty of raising the ancient masculine juvenile. They get folks who are minding their own business, and merely want peace and quiet, into all sorts of scrapes. This faculty is peculiarly developed in the commercial tourist, usually referred to as a drummer. He's the man who makes love to all the pretty servant girls in the hotels and gets their notions so high that they won't notice the porters, and it makes the latter want to "slug" the drummers. One of this class of gentlemen was at an up-country railway station some days ago, and discovered, while waiting for a train, a wasp's nest. An idea at once struck him. How he achieved the feat without getting hurt we don't know. Probably the wasps were dormant with cold. But at any rate he got that nest down and tied it to the tail of a large yellow dog that was fooling aronnd the depot. The dog started to run, and that so stirred up the wasps that they sent a courier out to investigate, and as he did so in a manner disagreeable to the dog he only ran the harder and made three wild circuits of the depot. The train meantime came in, and as trains don't stop long at country stations, it was just starting as the dog came round the third time. Wild with pain, the dog leaped aboard the train and plunged into a crowded car, just as the brakeman closed the door. The poor brute got beneath a seat and tried to curl up. The car was hot and it warmed up the wasps and they came out, and in about half a minute the men in that seat jumped up so hard they nearly stove holes in the roof, and the way they clawed their legs was a caution. Everybody looked. Then others became interested. And the dog started on a run through the car. The wasps went for him and every person in the car. A wild scene took place. Men cursed and clawed wildly. Women got up on the seats and danced, and the dog, which everybody thought to be mad, tore up and down the aisle, howling. The conductor came in, thinking the people insane. He promptly joined the show. As the train was flying, folks couldn't jump off. No mad-house ever saw such a scene. There was profanity enough to sink a ship, and the brakeman gazing in at the door said it beat anything he ever saw at a variety show. Finally the conductor stopped the train, folks got out, and the car was cleared of wasps and dog. But the passengers didn't get over it. They were an awful mad set, and occasionally after they got started a man would find a stray wasp in his trowsers, and rise and yell. They talked of suing the railroad, and if they could have got that drummer his death would have been frightful. But he had gone on a train the other way.—*Boston Post.*

Carbonic Acid Gas.

This gas or *choke damp* as it is vulgarly called, is the source of infinite mischief. No other single agency injures the health of men so widely and seriously. This gas comes principally from the lungs of men and animals, and from combustion. A load of wood weighing a ton is drawn to the door. It takes a span of horses to do it. It is burned in the stove, and all that is left of it is in the form of ashes, and may be carried away in a barrel on a man's shoulder. Perhaps the weight is about fifty pounds, the nineteen hundred and fifty pounds which have disappeared have all gone up the chimney and out into the atmosphere in the form of *carbonic acid gas.*

A candle weighs four ounces, but when it is burned there is almost nothing left. It has disappeared in the form of carbonic acid gas. Put a man in a pork-barrel, head him up tight, and drive in the bung. Wait a few minutes. Now loosen the bung, take it out, and peep in. If you happen to look in the man's face you will find it nearly black. The man is dead. He was suffocated. You see the way it happened was this. The man at first could breath well enough, and unless he knew about such things, he said to himself: "Well, this is a little cramped, but it is not so bad after all." But pretty soon he began to feel dizzy and then came a terrible pressure in his head; then a few struggles and gasps, and all was over. Just take a good look in his face, if you have the stomach for it, and you will see how terrible was his agony during the last moments. What killed the man? The carbonic gas which he produced in his lungs. If when you first opened the bung-hole you had put your mouth to it and tried to breathe the air, you would have found out at once what killed him. We take pure air into our lungs and when we breathe it out it contains three or four per cent. of this poisonous gas. Now, if we take this same air back into the lungs and breathe it over again, when it comes out of our lungs the second time it is so poisonous that it can't be taken back the third time without mischief.

In a room twelve feet square, if three persons are sitting, and they have one gas-burner which will consume the oxygen and create carbonic acid gas about as fast as the three pairs of lungs, the air will become poisonous in a few minutes, unless there is an opening to let the poisoned air out, and the pure air in. The air in most theaters is simply abominable. Babies in the bottom of cradles, ladies under thick veils, passengers in sleeping rooms, nine-tenths of our people in their bedrooms, are poisoned with this carbonic acid gas. Now, does not the statement with which I began, namely, that "carbonic acid gas is the source of infinite mischief" seem reasonable?—*Dio Lewis, in Golden Rule.*

Politeness is to man what beauty is to woman. It creates an instantaneous impression in his behalf, while the opposite quality exercises as quickly a prejudice against him. Polished manners have made hundreds successful, while the best of men by their hardness and coolness have done themselves incalculable injury, the shell being so rough that the world could not believe there was a precious kernel within it. Had Raleigh never flung down his cloak in the mud for the proud Elizabeth to walk on, his career through life would scarcely have been worth recording. Multitudes of men have been successful in life by pleasing manners alone. It is a trait of character well worth cultivating. Never forget the value of true civility.

The People's Advocate.

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1884.

AGENTS.

Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... G. B. Anderson.
..... G. W. Renfro.
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.
New York ..... M. F. Hamlin.

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Business and special notices are 5 cents a line.
Advertisements, send for rates.

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R. T. Hill & Co., Richmond, Va.
Office of the Literary Enterprise, 156 6th Avenue, Niw York City.

LOCAL AGENTS.

East Washinton H. G. Camper.
West Washington, Miss A. S. V. Jones and J. L. Turner.

LOCAL.

—Mr. H. C. Tyson left last week for North Carolina where his wife is quite ill.

—The Berean Fair is still in progress. The art gallery is a special attraction. Don't fail to visit it.

—Rev. N. M. Carroll preaches his farewell sermon at Asbury to-morrow morning.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor will be pleased to see his friends at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—The Fair and Festival to be given by the Berean Baptist church will commence on Wednesday evening, the 27th inst., one week later than the previous announcement.
No pains have been spared to make this an attractive place for all who may favor the church with their patronage; and the public are cordially invited.
Admission, 10 cents.

—H. E. Baker, esq., left for Indiana this week to spend a few days with his parents.

—Mr. J. W. Cromwell, proprietor and managing editor of THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE, will read a paper at the Bethel Literary next Tuesday night on "Our Colored Churches."

—"The Negro Boy of To-day" by Rev. G. W. Moore last Tuesday at Bethel Literary, was one of the best papers read before the body, and the discussion brought out many spirited speeches, especially that of Mr. Dickerson of Howard University.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor (late of the firm of Banks & Richardson) still continues his trade at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—The ladies of Plymouth congregational church, assisted by their friends, will have a grand bazar, commencing the 12th of February, and continuing three weeks, at Wayland Hall, I-street between 19th and 20th streets. We hope the friends will patronize us liberally.
Admission 10 cents. Mrs. Wm. Freeman, president; Miss Sadie Jones, secretary; Rev. W. T. Peel, pastor.

—Mr. R. J. Smith delivered a very interesting lecture on the Bermuda Islands before the Banneker Chautauqua circle last Monday night. A vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Smith.

—The Baptist Sunday School union will hold a Wendell Phillips' memorial service at their monthly meeting Sunday afternoon at the Fourth Baptist church, R-street, between 12th and 13th, n. w. Rev. W. H. Scott will deliver the address. All are cordially invited.

—If you wish fashionable suits for winter wear, call on T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor, at 615 L St., N. W. tf.

—A business meeting of the superintendents and delegates of the Sunday School Union will take place at the 15th Street Presbyterian church to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock.

—Rev. G. C. Smith, of Illinois who is working up the Pittsburg Conference, arrived in our city Thursday. A conference was held last night of several gentlemen who are in sympathy with the objects of the meeting.

—The Lone Star Working club gave an Irish wedding and entertainment at the armory of the Washington Cadets, Tuesday evening, March 3rd. There were six bridesmaides and six groomsmen, all dressed after the Irish habit. The entertainment was given for the benefit of the 3rd Baptist church.

—Miss H. Vinton Davis, our rising tragedienne, has returned to our city from a very flattering tour in Ohio. Our readers are aware that a grand testimonial benefit will be given her at Ford's Opera house on the 7th of May, at which time she will be supported by Messrs. W. R. Davis, of this city, and Powhattan Beatty, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Our devil has developed a strange freak lately. He changes the heads of the personages pictured in the illustrated papers, by the use of scissors and paste, in such a way that it is very difficult to detect the fraud. The effect is very ludicrous at times, but when the benign countenance of Lydia A. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., appears above a form arrayed in the scanty costume of a ballet-dancer, or poses as a serio-comic vocalist, it has a disheartening effect on the imaginative mind, and harrows up one's moral feelings in a terrible manner.—[Detrick.

West Washington Notes

At Ebenezer A. M. church, the pastor, Rev. W. Brown, filled the pulpit on last Sunday. In the morniug the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered.

Mrs. Maggie Beckett is still lying dangerously ill at her residence on 29th-st, between Monroe and North sts.

Mr. George H. Wiggins, of Worcester, Mass., was married by Rev. Alexander Dennis, to Miss Susan P. Holmes, of Farmville, Va., Tuesday evening of last week. The costumes were elegant, yet simple.

The traveling Pilgrims' supper was a grand success. It was served in elegant style; the ladies in charge were Mrs. Annie Jacobs, Mrs. Maria Carter, Mrs. Martha Butler and others.

Next Sunday there will be quarterly meeting at Ebenezer church. Rev. D. P. Seaton will preach in the morning, Rev. J. A. Handy in the afternoon, and R v. W. Brown at night.

East Washington Notes.

Rachel's Tent, a benevolent society, held an entertainment at Brown Hall, 410 D-st, s. e. Commenced on Monday and closed on Wednesday evening of this week. It was moderately attended. The proceeds was for the benefit of the society.

There was an interesting sermon delivered to Green Mountain Lodge of Odd Fellows at Ebenezer M. E. church on Monday evening March 3d, by the Rev. W. H. Philips, who took for his text, "Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." There was a large audience in attendance. The lodge was well represented; and quite a number of the council.

We are pleased to report that Mrs. Wm. H. Grimshaw is much improved. She was able to sit up in her room this week. We wish her speedy recovery.

Mr. David Carroll, an employer in the Stamp Div., Post-office Department, whilst on his way to his work on last Thursday morning fell on the street from an attack of vertigo, and had to be assisted home to his residence 434 1st street, s. w., where he still remains, though somewhat better.

South Washington Notes.

Mrs. Catherine Barret died at her residence 39 E st. s. w., on Friday morning, Feb. 29th. Her funeral took place on Sunday March 2d, at 2 o'clock from the Protestant Episcopal chapel. Rev. Holley officiating. Deceased was a sister of the Hon. Frederick Douglass. He visited her regularly during her illness, and saw that she lacked nothing that would add to her comfort. The whole Douglass family were present at the funeral.

Rev. O. St. James is doing a very good work among the children of this section. He has organized an afternoon S. S., and with a corps of faithful laborers instructs the children in Bible truths, besides it has the tendency to keep them out of the street where they would likely get into mischief. We wish him success in his work!

Miss Fannie Smallwood and Mr. Lewis W. Hickman were united in marriage on Wednesday evening Feb. 27th, at 8 o'clock, at the residence of the bride's parents, 452 N. J. Ave. s. e. A bonnet reception was held till 10 o'clock. There were many handsome presents.

JUSTINE.

An Unprovoked Murder.

During a row on Seventh-street above Boundary Tuesday night, Frank Langston, son of Hon. John M. Langston, shot and almost immediately killed one Spencer and seriously wounded Williams another man. The shooting was without provocation. Up to Friday morning young Langston had not been arrested.

EX-LIEUT. JAMES A. PERRY, OF THE WASHINGTON CADET CORPS, DISHONORABLY EXPELLED.

At a regular monthly meeting of the Washington Cadet Corps, held at their armory, 708 O-street, Monday evening, March 3, 1884, ex-Lieut. James A. Perry was dishonorably expelled from the Company for conduct unbecoming a soldier and a gentleman, he having made contracts for uniforms, &c., for the Company, and after the moneys were turned over to him to pay these bills (in question) he appropriated the same to some other use. Perry was reduced to ranks and allowed a chance to refund the money for the first bill that was sent in against him, but refused to pay his first note which came due March 1st, 1884, and at the meeting held on the above date, other bills coming from Philadelphia were presented to the Company for payment; all of these bills in question he reported to the Company as having been paid by him. The Company feeling that such a man is not the proper person to be recognized in respectable society or organizations, did by an unanimous vote, dishonorably expel him from the Corps. mch8-1t.

Mr. Henry Coleman met with a serious accident at the Department of Justice last week.

$1,000 SAVED!

TO ANY INTELLIGENT MAN OR WOMAN, WHO WILL SEND US A $1 POSTAL NOTE, BY RETURN MAIL I WILL SEND THEM EIGHT VALUABLE AND INDISPENSABLE ARTICLES,

that if used will save each family in the United States from $10 to $500 expenses each year; also upon which they can make 95 cents clear on each $1 worth sold. And in order that I may sell 1,000 outfits during the next three months I have decided to give each purchaser of our outfit, which only costs you $1, a free present of a rich and beautifully engraved set of (6) Sheffield plated Tea Spoons worth $2 a set, by return mail. This offer only holds good for 90 days.

☞ Special notice: any person who receives our articles and believe them not to be as represented, and not worth five times $1 may return them to us, and we will cheerfully return the money and pay all charges. This is positively the fairest offer ever made to the public, and this sacrifice is only done to introduce our goods, which, when once introduced, will always be wanted. Send one dollar by postal note.

☞ No postal cards answered.

Address PROF. T. E. LIPSCOMBE,
Graham, Alamance Co., N. C.
feb 9.

New Hints for Table Etiquette.

There are a great many people who behave well otherwise, but at table they do things that if not absolutely outre and ensemble, are at least pianissimo and sine die.

It is with a view to elevating the popular taste and etherializing, so to speak, the manners and customs of our readers, that we give below a few hints on table etiquette.

On seating yourself at the table draw off your gloves and put them in your lap under your napkin. If you have just cleaned your gloves with benzine, you might leave them out in the front yard.

When you are at dinner do not take up a raw oyster on your fork and playfully ask your host if it is dead. Remarks about death at dinner are in very poor taste.

Pears should be held by the stems and peeled gently but firmly, not as though you were skinning a dead horse. It is not bon ton.

Oranges are held on a fork while being peeled, and the facetious style of squirting the juice into the eyes of your hostess is now au revoir.

Stones in cherries or other fruit should not be placed upon the table-cloth, but slid quietly and unostentatiously into the pocket of your neighbor or noiselessly tossed under the table.

If you strike a worm in your fruit do not call attention to it by mashing it in the nut-cracker. This is not only uncouth, but it is regarded in the best society as blase and exceedingly vice versa.

Macaroni should be cut into short pieces and eaten with an even, graceful motion, not absorbed by the yard.

In drinking wine, when you get to the bottom of your glass do not throw your head back and draw in your breath like the exhaust of a bath-tub in order to get the last drop, as it engenders a feeling of the most depressing melancholy among the guests.

After eating a considerable amount, do not arise and unbuckle your vest strap in order to get more room, as it is exceedingly au fait and dishabille.

If by mistake you drink out of your finger-bowl, laugh heartily and make some facetious remark which will change the course of conversation and renew the friendly feeling among the members of the party.—*Bill Nye.*

Crime and Sensational Literature.

The direct connection between "penny dreadfuls" and crime has been demonstrated over and over again by the annals of our own police courts. The mischievous lad who sometime since presented a pistol at her Majesty's head, and got well whipped for his pains, was found in possession of a collection of lives of celebrated highwaymen and the various gangs of youthful burglars and would-be highwaymen who have lately appeared in the dock have one and all modeled their career upon the heroes of criminal novels. Only the other day a terrible illustration occurred of the actual effect of this gallows literature upon weak minds. A young man 19 years of age named Westby, shot his father dead at Nottingham, having, first murdered a little office boy at the office of the solicitor where he was employed, "merely to strengthen his nerve," and then took refuge in a fowl-house, where he was captured with a revolver in his possession, with which, as he frankly owned, he intended, when the police came to shoot as many as possible.

The key to this otherwise inexplicable outbreak of homicidal fury was afforded by the poor mother's words: "My son was very fond of reading, and would sit for hours at his favorite amusement, studying periodicals and sensational literature." By this "sensational literature" his habits appear to have been formed, and they were eccentric enough. He would not, we are told, "allow any one to visit his bedroom, which was entered by an opening in the floor. To this opening he had attached a trap-door, with bolts, and at night he always fastened himself in. He had also pulled down the bedstead, and had been in the habit of sleeping in a hammock slung up from the roof, while around the walls of the room were a number of pictures of the 'Life of Dick Turpin,' etc. A singular collection of cuttings from newspapers was also found in his desk at Mr. Fraser's office, including recipes for the manufacture of gun-cotton and other explosives, together with accounts of marvelous adventures." Here is a direct instance of the effect which the modern substitutes for the Newgate calendar have upon weak intellects and crazy brains.—*Saturday Review.*

A negro was boasting to a grocer of the cheapness of ten pounds of sugar, which he had purchased at a rival shop. "Let me weigh the package," said the grocer. The negro assented, and it was found two pounds short. The colored gentleman looked perplexed for a moment, and then said: "Guess he didn't cheat this child much. While he was getting the sugar I stole two pair of shoes.

TO THE PASTORS, TRUSTEES OR CHURCH CLERKS OF THE CITY.

At the suggestion of a distinguished gentleman I am preparing an article on the colored churches of this city, showing the work done by them. I will be thankful for information giving the receipts and expenditures of any of the Baptist, Presbyterian, Episcopal and M. E. churches. This information should include the number of members, money raised from all sources, amount paid for salary and other current expenses, as well as the amount paid on improvements. Address,
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Continued from first page

ject. Hence, not only the labor leaguers of our country, but the turbulent papists of Ireland, and even the Nihilists of Russia, found in him a heart of sympathy and a word of kindness, because of the sternness of the rule under which they writhe."

His aim was never evil, but always good. He wished the injury of no man. He sought the good of the master as well as the slave, of the South as well as the North. The frightful pictures which he drew of the slave, mangled and bleeding, hunted by bloodhounds, in the deepest moral and spiritual darkness, with which he harrowed up the spirit of his audiences, and the terrible words of denunciation which he poured out upon the heads of those who applied the lash or in any way countenanced the damnable outrage were intended to minister to the good of both parties. He hoped to benefit the slave, but he hoped also to awake the slumbering conscience of the master and of the nation, and to create a healthy public sentiment which would bring liberty to both. For the master needed to be freed as well as the slave, the North as well as the South. "It is our duty," he said, on one occasion, "to educate this people in humanity and in deep reverence for the rights of the lowest and humblest individuals that makes up our numbers," and this was one of the things which he kept constantly before him. Directly he was working for the slave, but indirectly for the whole country, North and South, East and West, white and black. And now, without attempting to recount his invaluable services to the cause of temperance, labor reform, woman's rights, civil service reform, &c., let me briefly direct attention to a few of the prominent traits of his character, for our emulation. One of the first things that strikes us is his moral courage, his utter fearlessness, his absolute loyalty to his convictions of duty. This is one of the rarest of qualities. And never in the world's history was there a sublimer exhibition of it. He feared no man. What he believed he was ready to avow anywhere, under any circumstances, regardless of personal consequences. He never stopped for one moment to ask what others would think of it, or how it would be likely to affect him in person or reputation. He had the courage of his convictions; he had the spirit of a martyr. Never came into the world a braver, truer heart than his. In the face of infuriated mobs breathing out threatenings and slaughter, with curses upon their lips and murder in their eyes, clamoring for his life, ready to tear him in pieces, he stood undaunted. "Why do heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing—the kings of the earth set themselves and the rulers take counsel against the Lord and against his anointed. He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh. He will have them in derision."

Those of you who read the *Herald* of last Monday will recall the description which Mr. Beecher gives of a great meeting held at his church. After Mr. Phillips had proceeded for sometime with his address, he said something which gave great offense, and produced a perfect tempest of excitement, during all of which, however, he stood perfectly calm and self-possessed. When the noise and tumult had subsided, he repeated what he had said with increased emphasis. Again the vast surging mass was lashed into fury. Again he stood and waited until quiet was restored, and again with still greater emphasis reiterated what he had said. They soon found out that he was not to be intimidated by any angry demonstrations on their part, and so he was allowed to proceed. His calmness and self-possession, his seeming indifference to his own safety in the midst of the most perilous scenes, were something wonderful.

Another thing which impresses us about him was his great love of liberty, his fidelity to the right. He hated, he utterly detested with all his heart, soul, mind and strength, oppression and injustice in every shape and form. One of his favorite mottoes or sayings, and one which of late years he frequently wrote in autograph albums was "Peace if possible, but justice at any rate." So intensely did he feel on this subject, that he even went so far as to advocate the right of the slave to take the life of his pursuer. "You say that this is bloody doctrine, anarchical doctrine: it will prejudice people against the cause. I know it will. Heaven pardon those who make it necessary. Heaven pardon the judges, the merchants and the clergy who make it necessary for hunted men to turn when they are at bay and fly at the necks of their pursuers. It is not our fault. I shrink from no question, however desperate, that has in it the kernel of possible safety for a human being hunted by twenty millions of slave-catchers in this Christian Republic of ours."

And again, in his great lecture on "Disunion," delivered in Music Hall, Boston, June 20, 1861, he declared that however great might be the blessings of the Union, if it could not be perpetuated without slavery, it ought to be broken to pieces. "If the Union created for us a fresh Golconda every month, if it made every citizen as wise as Solomon, as blameless as St. John, and as safe as an angel in the courts of heaven, to cling to it would still be a damnable crime, hateful to God, while its cement was the blood of the Negro—while it, and it alone, made the crime of slaveholding possible in the fifteen States."

His hopefulness and sublime faith in the ultimate triumph of right was also one of his prominent characteristics.

"Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne;
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

In the spirit of these grand words he lived and wrought. Even amid the darkest hours of that terrible conflict he never despaired. "Do not misunderstand me," he said on the anniversary of the surrender of Sims, "I know the anti-slavery cause will triumph. The mightiest intellects, the Websters and the Calhouns of the Whig and Democratic parties, they have no more effect upon the great mass of the public mind, in the long run, than the fly's weight had on the chariot wheel where he lighted." And again, in his address on "Public Opinion:" "They have put wickedness into the statute book, and its destruction is just as certain as if they had put gunpowder under the Capitol. That is my faith; that it is which turns my eyes from the ten thousand newspapers, from the forty thousand pulpits, from the millions of Whigs, from the millions of Democrats, from the might of sect, from the marble government, from the iron army, from the navy riding at anchor, from all that we are accustomed to deem great and potent, to the simplest child or woman, to the first murmured protest that is heard against bad laws. And what can be sublimer than this? You may build your Capitol of granite and pile it high as the Rocky mountains; if it is founded on or mixed up with iniquity, the pulse of a girl will in time beat it down." "Your Capitol, Daniel Webster, is marble, but the pulse of any humane man is beating against it. God will give us time and the pulses of men shall beat it down." He was also a man of the broadest humanity, of the widest philanthropy. He was a son of the grand old commonwealth of Massachusetts. He was an American citizen. He was a member of a proud and powerful race; but he was more than all this, more than a son of Massachusetts, more than a citizen of the United States, more than a member of a dominent race. He was a man, and that made him akin to all races and all classes and all conditions. He believed profoundly in the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man. Hence his sympathies were never circumscribed by the narrow boundary lines of State or nationality, of creed or race. He took up into his great brotherly heart all human kind. He looked upon all men everywhere with the tender interest of an elder brother, and loved them as he loved his own soul. Hence he was ever wakeful to their interests, ever working for them. Whatever tended to push them forward was sure of his support. Whatever tended to impede their progress was sure to encounter his opposition. In no part of the wide world could an outrage be perpetrated upon the humblest member of society, which did not meet his prompt rebuke. The iron heel of despotism in Russia might strike down its victim, but instantly that clarion voice would be heard in Boston denouncing the infamous atrocity. And wherever a noble deed was done for freedom, and a manly blow struck for right, his would be the first voice to applaud. Indeed he was indifferent to nothing which in any way affected any part of the human race. He was also conspicuous for his unselfishness. He seemed never to think of himself.

It was the burdens of others that he carried; it was the welfare of others which he kept constantly before him. His whole life, what was it but a grand, magnificent, glorious exhibition of unselfishness? See him bearing scorn and insult and contumely! See him hurrying from place to place; see him crowding every moment of his life with work. See him taking upon his shoulders responsibilities almost too heavy for him to bear. And for what? To make for himself a name? To advance his interest? To fill his coffers with sordid game? No!—that he might lighten the burdens of others; that he might lift up a race down-trodden, oppressed, brutalized, to the "awful heights of manhood," to the enjoyment of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. In thought of others he lost himself, and in losing himself rose sublime. There is something about this thing we call unselfishness that gives a glory and a beauty and sweetness to life which nothing else does.

And so it is with peculiar pride and pleasure that we look up into this grand face, this morning, to find no trace of selfishness there.

But one thing more occurs to me to say, and that is to direct attention to the general character of his life. It was pre-eminently a useful life. He left the world better than he found it, and behind him influences that will ever work for righteousness. He so lived that, on Sunday morning, two weeks ago, when the sad tidings of his death were announced, a deep sense of irreparable loss swept over the heart of the whole country, and was felt beyond the seas. On every side expressions of regret were heard. It is a grand thing to live such a life, to come into such close intimate relationship of helpfulness to others as to be missed when we are gone. This I believe to be one of the tests of a useful life, its going out leaves a void behind. Such a life we may all of us live. It is not necessary that we should fill the exalted position which this man filled, or occupy so conspicuous a place. The humblest, the most obscure, the most poorly endowed, may put this element of true greatness into his life. We may all live so as to be missed when we are gone.

Will any of us be missed? Have we so identified ourselves with the lives and interests about us, in the several spheres in which our lot is cast, as to be likely to excite on the part of anyone this feeling of regret, this sense of loss? Some will miss us, I know; but will it be because of any good that we have done, because of any relationship of helpfulness which we have sustained to them, because of any acts of kindness or deeds of love that will go undone because of our absence? If not, poor, indeed, is that life. It is not worth living. It is not such a life as we are contemplating. No; his departure is felt, profoundly felt. Not one, or two, or a dozen; but millions of grateful hearts to-day mourn his loss.

Such were some of the leading characteristics of his remarkable life.

"His work is done;
But while the races of mankind endure
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land."

"Great men have been among us, hands that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom—greater none."

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again."

Ah, little did we think when we saw this prophet of God, this modern Elijah, smiting the Jordan with his mantle and moving toward Horeb, that the fiery chariot was so soon to receive him. But this was even so. He is gone; and standing on this consecrated spot, and still gazing up into that heaven into which he has passed, let us pray the prayer of Elisha—"Let thy mantle fall on us!"—Grant us a double portion of thy spirit, thy courage, thy love of liberty and justice; thy hopefulness, thy sublime faith in the ultimate triumph of right,—thy great loving, sympathetic heart; thy broad humanity and philanthropy, thy unselfishness, thy beautiful helpfulness. Thou art gone, but we shall not forget thee. Thou art gone, but thy grand record remains. Farewell, great spirit! Farewell, friend of the down-trodden and the oppressed everywhere! Farewell, great champion of liberty! Honored of man, beloved of God—farewell!

The young man's first razor—his father's boot.

Did you ever see an Indian Pawnees overcoat?

The eel is always in fashion in winter with his eel-skin coat.

Tell not your secrets in a corn-field: it has thousands of ears.

Recipe for making catsup—put a saucer of cream before a hungry puss.

Moths eat up $25,000,000 worth of goods in the country every year, while elephants don't injury us a bit.

The biggest fool in the world is dead. Told his mother-in law, she lied. Did it with her little skillet.

We have known many a man to sit around waiting for something to turn up until that something was his toes.

"Ninety and nine" folks in the hundred make a mistake when they cut off a dog's tail. They preserve the wrong end.

"What's the batter with be this bordig?" said Jones; "why, I've got a dabbed dasty cold. Cub ad take sobe rub and gib."

During a thunder storm two dogs that howled dismally at night were struck by lightning and killed. Howling dogs should cut this out and paste it in their hats.

"What would you do if a girl kissed you?" asked one urchin of another. "What would I do? I'd kiss her back. What would you do?" "I'd kiss her mouth," was the portentous reply.

"Is your master up?" asked an early visitor of a nobleman's valet. "Yes, sir," answered the valet with great innocence; "the buttler and I carried him up about three o'clock.

Early one morning, a banker was found on his knees at his front door, trying to unlock it with a lead pencil, and saying, "Howze zis? Somebozzye been foolin' wizh ze combination."

A VAST INCREASE.—In 1849, when gold was discovered in California, there was not between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean, or from Manitoba to Sonora, over 25,000 persons of Caucasian stock, and not 3,000, all told, speaking English as the tongue of their nativity. Now there are 3,000,000 persons in the same area; there are ten thousand miles of railroad and nearly twice that of telegraph lines; there is a property value of at least $3,000,000,000, six prosperous states and nine territories, growing in wealth and population, now producing in the precious metals at least $85,000,000 annually and also embracing the three largest wheat-growing states in the Union.

A FASHIONABLE LADY.

I.—OPENING DAY.

Scarcely waked up in the morning
Is the Lady Dandelion,
When a little yellow bonnet
Gayly she begins to try on,

She was born to lead and dazzle,
And her flowers will be plenty,
And because of that one little
Yellow bonnet, there'll be twenty

II.—THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

Scarce a week has scattered sunshine
On the Lady Dandelion,
When a little snowy head-dress
Gravely she begins to tie on.

Ah, I see old Time is busy
With this stylish little Lady;
Ruffled white-cap is a night-cap;
She is past her beauty's heyday.

Nothing now she cares for fashion;
All she asks a bed to lie on!
Blows a gust! and in a moment
Gone is Lady Dandelion!

The Hammock.

When children only are to use the hammock, the manner of hanging it is not very important, but if provided for the use of grown persons it should be so suspended that the head will always be considerably higher than the feet, and much of the comfort of one who uses it depends on a proper observance of this fact. If you have no more suitable place, suspend it from the columns of a verandah. The hook which supports the head end should be six and one-fourth feet from the floor, that for the foot end three and three-fourths feet, and these proportions should be observed wherever it may be hung, to secure the most desirable curve for the ease of the occupant.

Another point to be observed: the head should be fastened to the hook by a rope less than a foot long—just enough to attach it—while at the foot the rope should be four and a half feet long. This gives the greatest freedom for swinging the lower part of the body, while the head moves but little. This is a point which cannot be observed in a hammock for children, who think more of it as a swing than a place for comfortable repose. When trees serve for supports, ample provision should be made to prevent injury to the bark, by means of stout canvas or heavy bagging between the ropes to which it is suspended and the bark. If the hanging be so arranged that the hammock can be taken in during long storms, it will last much longer.

A Cambridge mother sent her small boy into the country, and after a week of anxiety received this letter: "I got here all right and I forgot to write before; it is a very nice place to have fun. A feller and I went out in a boat and the boat tipped over and a man got me out and I was so full of water I didn't know nothing for a good long while. The other boy has got to be buried after they find him. His mother came from Chelsea and she cries all the time. A hoss kicked me over and I have got to have some money to pay a doctor for fixing my head. We are going to set an old barn on fire to-night, and I should smile if we don't have bully fun. I lost my watch and I am very sorry, I shall bring home some mud turtles and I shall bring home a tame woodchuck if I can get um in my trunk."

A newspaper and newspaper editor that people don't talk about, and sometimes abuse, are rather poor concerns. The men and business that an editor sometimes feels his duty to defend, at a risk of making enemies of another class, are often the first to show their ingratitude. The editor who expects to receive much charity or gratitude will soon find out his mistake; but he should go on and do and say what he conscienciously thinks right without regard to frowns or smiles.

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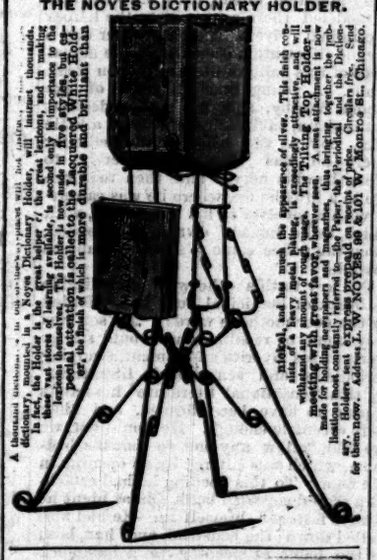

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A Romantic Story.

From Port Jervis, New York, we have a romantic story, which, but for the religious aspect of it, would be a comedy plot. Some time ago a daughter of pious parents in that village, on learning that her lover was a skeptic, broke off her engagement in a tear-stained letter, after vainly attempting to convert him. He was deeply grieved, but could not give up his convictions. The lady mourned and tried in vain to see some other way out of the trouble. Shortly after, however, her lover, who had gone to live in a distant city, was induced to attend a revival, was converted and united with the church. He subsequently asked permission to call on his former lady love, which was granted, she received him with many marks of favor, expressing her regret at having treated him so harshly. To her great surprise he defended her against herself, said she was in the right, and that he had come to look at these things in the same light she did. Her heart sank. She told him that his former arguments had had great weight with her; that she had studied and reviewed the whole subject, and had at last discarded the Bible and revealed religion. It was his turn to be shocked. He argued and pleaded with her, but all in vain, and feeling that he could not marry an unbeliever, reluctantly gave her up.

Grand Jubilee and Thirty-third Anniversary

OF THE JOHN WESLEY A. M. E. ZION CHURCH, CONN. AVE., BET. L AND M STREETS, MARCH 17, 18, 19, 20 AND 21, 1884.

The classes will occupy tables in said church on the above date. The church will be represented in three stages of its history:

On Tuesday night, March 18th, will be represented as it was in the early stage, and reunion of all the old members.

On Thursday night, March 20th, it will be represented as it was at its middle stage.

On Friday night, March 21st, it will be represented as it is at the present time.

SERVICES.—On Sunday, March 23d, a sermon will be preached at 11 a. m., by Bishop J. J. Moore, D. D., on the Unpardonable Sin. At 2.30 p. m., by Bishop J. W. Hood, D. D., one of his famous sermons. At 7.30 p. m., by Bishop S. T Jones, D. D., the former pastor.

The following choirs will be present and will render some of their choice pieces during the week:

On Monday night, March 17th, the Sunday school choir of Mt. Zion church Georgetown, and Union Wesley A. M' E. Z.

On Tuesday night, March 18th, the Nineteenth-st. Baptist church choir.

On Wednesday night, March 19th, Wesley Zion church choir of South Washington.

On Thursday night, March 20th, Shilo Baptist choir, L-st., and Galbraeth Chapel choir.

On Friday night, March 21st, John Wesley church choir.

The Union Bethel church choir wil sing on Sunday, the 23d, at 2.30 p. m.

A collection at each service on Sunday for the new church.

The person selling the largest number of tickets will be rewarded with a silver watch.

The person bringing in the largest amount of money on their punch cards will receive $5.00.

The leader of the class returning the largest amount of money from their table will receive a barrel of flour.

Admission, 10 cents. Committee of arrangements: C. Robinson, L. Pennington, W. H. Johnson, H. Brooks, R. Bowie G. L. Joy. Rev. J. S. Cowles, pastor.

All city pastors are invited.

O! Come and Help us! Help! Help!! Help!!! feb 23-4t.

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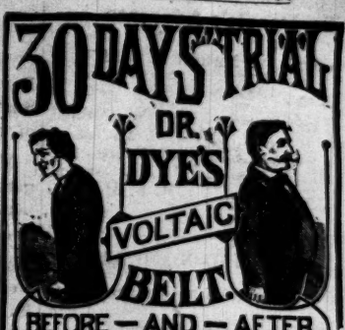

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